

# THE LOWELL OFFERING.

AUGUST, 1844.

## A FLOWER DREAM.

THE day had been mild and pleasant. The sun was rapidly departing to his home in the West, and his farewell rays shaded with rich tints the vernal robe of Nature. *Without*, all was harmony and beauty. But *within*, the discordant sounds of impatience jarred harshly, and the frowning demon of discontent stalked imperiously through the windings of that hidden world. The tireless monotony of daily toil had left a dull, heavy weight upon my spirit; a weary, abject feeling, which would fain bid me complain of the ALL-WISE, for dooming me to what I fancied a life of ignoble drudgery. I vainly imagined that I could and ought to have been placed in a more congenial situation; and, full of secret repining, I wandered forth, with a vague feeling that perchance in the serenity of nature I might find some relief to the turmoil within.

The season was the most interesting of the year—the “death of spring.” As I passed beneath the orchard-trees, a rosy shower fell upon me from their branches. The lilac and the iris, among the earliest of the garden beauties, by their fading hues foretold a speedy farewell. And so it was with the less showy, but not less lovely, wild flowers. At the first whisper of spring they had leaped forth to greet her with smiles; and now, as her departure approached, they too were drooping and dying. The white saxifrage, which decked the hills in May, was withering. The “shad-bush, white with many blossoms,” when swayed for a moment by the breeze, let fall its leaves, like snow-flakes, into the river. The yellow dandelion was gone, and in its place stood a globe of down, the children’s oracle, from which, ever and anon, a tiny plume would fly away at random, and at last alight in some distant corner of the field. The swelling buds of the harebell and buttercup seemed only waiting for the obsequies of their predecessors, to burst forth in all their garniture of beauty. A train of pensive, yet pleasant, reflections succeeded my former unhappy ones, and, musing, I reached my favorite haunt, and seated myself upon a moss-covered rock. Gradually, my impressions of things outward became less distinct. The face of Nature put on, as it were, a silvery veil. The trees, the birds, and the flowers, as before, were around me, but they glowed now with ethereal hues, as if expanding to rays of rainbow light. While I wondered at the change, a beautiful vision suddenly appeared. In face and form it seemed like a female of surpassing beauty; but some-

thing in every lineament betokened superiority to earth; and I knew, by the glance of earnest care she cast upon the surrounding blossoms, which seemed ready to spring from their slender stalks to her embrace, that she could be no other than their own bright guardian, the Angel of the Flowers.

"My children," she said—and the sound of her voice was like fairy music—"very dear have you been to me. Tenderly have I watched each delicate bud, and sought to shelter it from the blasts that would have visited it too roughly—from the scorching glare of the sun, and the corroding tooth of the canker-worm. Now, I see by your fading colors, and your faint odors, that you must soon perish. Summer is bringing me another charge, and I am come to bid you farewell. But first, that I may feel that my care has not been all in vain, let me know what charms your life has had, and if you leave this fair earth and my guardianship in peace."

For a moment there was silence; and then a pale blue flower\* lifted its head, and spoke with a cheerful voice.

"I was among the first who beheld the light of the great sun, and your smile, and oh! how happy I was then! I drank in, with joy, the liquid light which the bright blue sky poured down upon me; and, delighted, met the soft glances which were bestowed upon me by those exalted beings for whose pleasure we were made, and in whose approbation we find so much happiness. But it was only for a little while that they deigned to notice me; and when my lovelier companions appeared, I was forgotten. I knew that I had less beauty than the Anemone, and less fragrance than the Violet, and therefore could not claim to be as well beloved; yet I could not envy them. I had been too attentive to your teachings for that; and how should I envy my own sisters, whom the GREAT ONE made? I rejoiced in their brightness and bliss as much as if it were my own. I smiled on, as I was wont, for I knew that the fields and road-sides were more cheerful while I bloomed; and though none who passed paused to think what it was that made their path so pleasant, I found my reward in seeing them really happier. I have had much to be grateful for, yet I am an humble flower, and have no way of expressing my gratitude, save by contentedly blooming in the lowly spot where I have grown up."

A slight rustling was heard among the leaves of a laurel bush, and the fragile Anemone peeped timidly forth. In a low voice, she said:

"All my life-time I have suffered from fear, but I have not been entirely unhappy; and my greatest pleasure has been in a feeling of gratitude for having been permitted to live in a sheltered spot beneath other shrubs. Even here the wind has sometimes rushed by me so violently, that had I been placed on a high bank or cliff, like the Columbine, I am sure I must have perished in a moment. You taught us that we were here to make the wildwood pleasant, and to inspire gratitude in all who behold the wonderful things which God has made for man; and, though trembling and afraid, I tried to look up brightly when I beheld mortals approaching. Yet I was glad when they passed me by unnoticed; and my obscure retreat has been far better than I could have chosen for myself."

The Columbine next spoke, from the craggy bank which skirted the waterfall.

"I have a sweet home on this rugged cliff, for I can see, far away in the distance, sunny islands, and forests, and vales; and the ancient river

\* *Houstonia cerulea*.



which rolls at my feet tells me hourly some tale of wonder. Many of my beautiful sisters have been borne in triumph away by the children of earth, and once I was almost angry with the gray rock which hangs over me, for concealing me from their sight. But then I remembered a lesson of yours, that repining is useless and ungrateful ; so I smiled and nodded to the old rock, and carefully preserved the honey in my scarlet nectaries for an honest bee who came after it every day. Hundreds might have admired me, had I been allowed to adorn some festive hall, but amid so much praise I might have forgotten what I owe to you, and to my Maker ; and is it not happiness enough to know that, during my short life, the rock, river, and the bee have been made glad by my presence ? I die contented with this ?”

Now a low whisper came from the grassy bank of a little rill. The Angel bent low to hear the sound. It was the Violet.

“Oh ! I would fain live longer !” she murmured. I have been *so* happy in this shady home. And I have loved every thing ! I looked into the blue stream beneath me, and then up to the wide, wide azure above, and thought they gave me their hue as a love-token. I loved the bird which sang so sweetly to me from the locust-tree ; I loved the grass that sheltered me ; and oh ! I loved, more than all, those bright beings who so often passed me with dancing footsteps. And when I saw them near me I breathed out my richest fragrance upon them. They often lingered near me, and with gratified looks, searched for my retreat. But the tall grass-blades screened me from sight, and I felt that it was pleasanter to bless them while I was all unseen. Now, my perfume is fast exhaling. I am dying ! and it is well to die when I can no longer afford happiness to any ; but I must weep to leave the home I have loved so well !”

The voices ceased ; and I fancied a crystal drop fell from the eye of the Angel of the Flowers, upon the shining leaves which wreathed about her. Her parting words of love were soon spoken. Then, turning, she fixed upon me her radiant gaze, and I felt that she read upon my brow the traces of recent discontent.

“Mortal !” she said, “seest thou not how all these quietly fill their appointed station ? Canst thou not learn from them lessons of confiding trust ? Is it not blessed, like the meek flowers, to send out the perfume of gentle charity from the humblest nook of life ; to use gifts which might shine among the great, to brighten the cloudy path of the despised and forgotten ? Were all other blessings denied, it would be sweet to live only to behold God’s beautiful creations, to know that HE is good, and love him for HIS goodness. If thou canst not rejoice in the bliss of others thou art unworthy thyself of happiness. Oh ! then ever serve thy MASTER in the “beauty of holiness !” Let the incense of praise, and of good deeds ascend to HIM, whether it be from a lowly or a lofty sphere. So thou shalt be happier—yea, greater—than the world’s proudest monarch.”

Suddenly the vision vanished ; and I became conscious of the falling twilight, a lowly dell, and a distant home. I arose ; and as I pursued my homeward way by the light of the evening star, I felt that I had received instruction and reproof even from a day-dream.

ROTHA.

## THE DYING SISTER'S GIFT.

By the death of both their parents, Oraville and Orlando West were early deprived of the only guardians and guides whom they had ever known. However, a kind neighbor gave them a home, and they lived together until the completion of their sixteenth years. Being alone in the world, they became exceedingly attached to each other; and together they formed noble plans for mental and moral improvement. The thoughts of parting were very painful, but they knew that an education was not to be obtained by indolence and self-gratification, and therefore they prepared to spend a short time among strangers. After mutual promises of frequent correspondence, they embraced and parted. He went to a neighboring village and engaged as clerk in a mercantile establishment, where we will leave him for a short time, and accompany his sister to L., where she engaged in a manufacturing establishment. To Oraville the days seemed to have lengthened to the duration of months, since she was separated from her brother, but the tediousness of her time was frequently broken by the reception of letters from him. Then the moments fled on golden wings, for she conversed with a kindred spirit. And that was a luxury which she seldom otherwise enjoyed.

The close of the year at length approached, and with it came sweet thoughts of a blissful meeting. Orlando secured a boarding-place for himself and sister in the vicinity of G. Seminary, and then proceeded to Lowell to accompany his sister to school. With merry feet and happy hearts they daily went in company to the seminary, where, by diligence and close application, they made good progress in mental improvement.

The close of their second term again brought a period of separation. This time they prepared to leave each other with scarce the shade of a cloud to mar their happiness. The bow of promise was radiant above their heads, and they looked forward, with bright anticipations, to better days. Yes, knowledge, fame, and wealth danced in the prospect before those ardent and aspiring minds, and they felt that the object for which they labored would be most effectually secured by a brief separation. As the stage-coach rolled heavily to the door for Oraville, her brother placed a gold coin in her hand, saying, "Here, sis, take this—the eagle may sometimes remind you of Orlando;" and he gaily threw the ribbon over her head to which it was attached. "Thank you," said Oraville; "and, as I have no other memorial now, to leave with you, accept this." At the same time imprinting upon his lips an affectionate kiss.

The journey was very pleasant to Oraville, for she constantly met with some object to remind her of principles with which she had but recently become acquainted. One moment she was analyzing the earth over which they were passing; the next, a beautiful flower or plant claimed her attention, and her thoughts remained to revel among the beauties of botany. Meanwhile, Orlando returned to his former employment in Wiltonville, and was cordially welcomed by his patron and associates.

Oraville was less fortunate, for when she arrived in Lowell she was surprised to hear that the wages had been reduced ten per cent. during her absence. Nevertheless, she resolved that no obstacle should deter her from the pursuit of knowledge. Consequently, she sought a "chance to



run double work," which she soon obtained—for many of the girls had gone to breathe the pure summer air of their mountain homes, and thus recover from the lassitude which a confined atmosphere had infused into their system. Being engaged in profitable employment, and dependent on books principally for entertainment in her leisure hours, she passed her time very pleasantly. The rule which she adopted for the distribution of her time, and from which she seldom varied during the warm season, was as follows: Rise at four o'clock; duties of the toilet, half an hour; walk in the air, half an hour; mill hours; supper; exercise in the open air; study, two hours; sleep, six hours." Often, when Oraville entered the sitting-room, Sunday morning, neatly arrayed for church in a plain blue hat and white frock, a blue ribbon might be seen creeping from the folds of her dress, and encircling a neck of snowy whiteness. But whether it was placed there as the guard of a watch, locket, or key, no one could tell—for the treasure, whatever it was, was carefully concealed amid the folds of her bodice.

The intervening space between Wiltonville and Lowell was often traversed by tiny messengers, who carried joy and gladness to the hearts of the lone orphans. The bright prospects of Oraville West were destined to "change." The succeeding winter was one of unusual severity, in consequence of which she was obliged to relinquish her daily airing; yet, stimulated by ambition, she continued to run double work, which, joined to frequent exposure, soon destroyed her health, and a burning fever prostrated all her energies. A letter was despatched to Orlando West, begging him to hasten to Lowell, if he would again meet his twin sister alive. With inexpressible grief he obeyed the summons, and arrived in time to receive a few directions relative to the distribution of her wardrobe. The remainder of her little store she gave to her brother, and among other things was the gold coin, which he so gaily bestowed as a parting memorial at their last interview. This, with a feeble effort, she placed in his hand, and begged him never to part with it, except in case of dire necessity. He promised compliance, and while bending over her to imprint the last kiss of affection on her marble-brow, her calm spirit took its flight to its God.

This amiable girl, although not a professor of religion, had long bowed in the innermost sanctuary of her heart, in worship before the God of Abraham. And when the "messenger" called her away, she meekly bowed to the mandate, trusting in the mercy of the great I AM. Oh! who can tell the feeling of loneliness and utter desolation that came over the heart of that orphan boy as he laid in the cold damp tomb the remains of his *last* precious one. \* \* \* \* \*

Years had passed. The studious youth had become a well-educated man; the faithful clerk, a prosperous merchant in one of our western cities. The time soon arrived when, in the emphatic language of Dr. Johnson, "he could afford to neglect his business," and then he soon began to form habits of dissipation. With his bark once in the downward current he glided so rapidly onward, and withal so imperceptibly, that ere he was aware of danger, he was wrecked on the shoals of intemperance. Once awake to a sense of his danger, he made an effort to return to the land of steady habits, where he found his business embarrassed, and his friends estranged. Nevertheless, he determined to make an effort to retrieve his broken fortunes. He had succeeded in restoring his business to

a good degree of prosperity, when a payment became due which he was unable to meet. He entreated his creditors to extend his "three days' grace" to three weeks. But no—the man of avarice was inexorable, and a failure was the consequence. This so distracted the half-reformed inebriate, that he again returned to his cups, and "the last state of that man was worse than the first." The last, did I say?—No! thanks to the Fountain of benevolence, it was not his *last*. Having squandered the remnant of his property in dissipation, he began to look about him for some means of procuring a living. He first applied for a situation as clerk in a dry goods store, but his bloodshot eyes, his bloated face and trembling hands were poor recommendations, and the owner told him frankly that, although he needed a clerk, he did not think that he would answer his purpose. The thoughts of becoming a hireling, in the place where he had been an owner, was exceedingly humiliating to him, and he resolved to leave Buffalo and go still further from those scenes which were hallowed by recollections of his beloved sister, and the innocent associations of his youth. With his whole possessions in a small chest he started for Detroit, where he procured employment; but he was a slave to his appetite—a vitiated appetite—and soon his employment, and every remnant of his effects were sacrificed at the altar of Bacchus. And the once beautiful and accomplished Orlando West was a ragged beggar in the street, and his only resting place a shattered garret, which illy protected him from the inclemencies of the weather.

Two days had passed since he had been able to procure a single glass of "fire-water," and he was necessarily sober. The same length of time had elapsed since he had tasted food, for the keeper of the tippling cellar where he had boarded, had refused to trust him for a single meal. As he sat on his straw pallet, musing on his prospects, he thought of work, but he knew not where to procure one hour's work; besides, he was faint for want of food and unable to work. In this emergency thoughts of his sister, the dear companion of his youth, came stealing over his spirits, and he thought of that last hour and the dying gift. It had been too sacred to spend in "rioting and drunkenness." No: depraved as he had become, that thought had never been harbored for a moment. "But now," said he, "I faint for food; I cannot part with that eagle, but I will pawn it for bread." And he took it from his chest, and went out. He approached the cellar, but he turned away, for he felt that it would be sacrilege to carry a memento of that pure spirit to such a sink of pollution. He soon approached a neat and elegant looking house, where he resolved to prefer his request. At the door he was met by a young lady of exceeding loveliness, arrayed for a walk. She listened to his tale of woe with kindness, and desired him to enter the house. She soon prepared him a breakfast, which was "served up" in so neat and elegant a manner that he forgot for a moment that he was a beggar.

The occupants of that house were, Samuel Wellington, a dealer in ready-made clothing; his daughter Nancy, (the lady already mentioned) and an old lady who served them as housekeeper. Mrs. W. had long since died, leaving her husband to perform the duties of both father and mother, and faithfully did he execute his task. And he had the satisfaction of seeing his daughter grow up precisely what he wished—a kind-hearted affectionate girl, whose chief delight consisted in relieving every object of wretchedness that came in her way. While Orlando was eating



she curiously observed the coin which he had given her, saying, "Why do you wish to pawn this eagle, sir? I can easily change it, and the remainder will procure many comforts for you." "No, lady, it was my only sister's dying gift. I beg you will permit me to redeem it." "Very well," replied she; and left the room. She soon returned with a new blue ribbon in place of the soiled one which had been in the eagle. "And now," said Nancy, "I have a favor to ask." Orlando looked up in unfeigned astonishment, and she continued—"Our gardener is sick, and I wish you to assist me in arranging some plants and shrubbery to-day. And also, permit me to be your sister's representative whilst I hold this?" Then tying it around her neck, she placed it in such a manner that every time the wanderer turned his eyes towards her, "the last gift" should meet his view.

Orlando was anxious to oblige one who had been so kind to him, and every thing he performed gave perfect satisfaction. At dinner time, Nancy called her gardener, and introduced him to her father. During the repast, Mr. Wellington engaged him in conversation sufficiently to discover, that, although obscured by habits of dissipation, he possessed intellect and education in more than an ordinary degree. Nevertheless, he hoped that the judicious management of his daughter would bring the gold out in all its original purity and brilliancy; and he begged Mr. West to make his house his home so long as Nancy wished to hire him. The object of constant and uniform kindness he remained for a long time. Often did his burning appetite prompt him to visit the cellar, but the last gift served to assist him in the warfare. Once, indeed, he came home unable to control his movements. Oh! how did the tender heart of his benefactress bleed over the erring one; but her benevolence was an *active* principle, and with all the tender solicitude of the kindest sister, she attended him until reason resumed her throne. Then, she kindly remonstrated against such pernicious habits; and he solemnly pledged himself never again to stoop to the embrace of his destroyer.

On retiring to his room, one Saturday evening, he found a small bundle with the following note attached to it.

"Mr. West: Will my brother accept the change of apparel contained in this bundle, and accompany us to meeting to-morrow.

NANCY WELLINGTON."

To this, he penned the following reply:

"Dear Sister: I am under infinite obligations for the delicate manner in which you have conferred so many kindnesses. To you, generous agent of my sainted sister, am I indebted for all that I am, or ever shall be in this world. May a guardian angel watch over and protect *you* with the same untiring perseverance with which you have kept me. I shall be very happy to testify my gratitude by complying with your request.

Ever yours,

ORLANDO WEST."

Soon after these events one of Mr. Wellington's clerks left. Orlando was invited to exchange the spade and garden hoe for the yardstick and scissors behind the counter—an invitation which he accepted. The "last gift" was again transferred to Orlando's bosom, where it remained a talisman to keep him in every hour of temptation. Every day spent in the path of virtue serves to confirm and strengthen him in his reformation. And Nancy W. has never regretted the kindnesses with which she treated the inebriate.

ORIANNA.

Miss Editress: The following lines were suggested by reading that pretty little poem, "My Grave," in the Offering for May.

### MY GRAVE.

OH! bury me not 'neath the wild surging wave;  
 I like not old Ocean's perpetual strife;  
 I would not lie down in its fathomless cave,  
 Far away from my home, "where the sea-snake hath life."  
 With a young social band 'tis delightful to sail  
 On its tide, when the wind and the weather are fair;  
 But I love to return to my own native vale,  
 For I never could wish for a burial there.  
 Oh! make my last bed in some rural retreat,  
 'Neath the tall spreading elm tree, not far from my home;  
 I fain would repose where my young flying feet  
 In childhood's bright hours were accustomed to roam.  
 Yes; lay me to rest where the wild flowers abound;  
 Where the violets look up to the rosy-eyed morn;  
 Where the stream rushes by with a sweet lulling sound,  
 And the blue-bird is heard from his perch on the thorn.  
 O'er my deep silent cell raise no tale-telling stone,  
 But let the green woodbine its network there weave;  
 There my father, or brothers, or sisters may come,  
 And my mother may bend o'er my ashes at eve.  
 In some far-distant day, when the flower-spotted green  
 Is pressed by the footsteps of those that I love;  
 In memory's green bower be my monument seen,  
 And my epitaph read from the record above.

M. R. G.

The following poem seems to have been suggested by that of M. R. G., "*Show us the Father*," and our two correspondents seem to have inspired each other.—ED.

### THE INFIDEL.

HE sat alone, 'neath an old beech tree,  
 Conversing with birds, and with flowers;  
 And softly they whispered, "Here dwelleth the LORD  
 In Nature's bright beautiful bowers."  
 He stooped, and he plucked a blade of green grass,  
 As it waved in the verdure so near;  
 And louder he heard a melodious voice  
 Say, "Surely, the FATHER is *here*."  
 The waves of the streamlet he saw dancing on  
 In joyous and musical mirth,  
 And to him seemed to say, in a murmuring tone,  
 Our Maker is LORD OF THE EARTH.  
 Then he leaned his head 'gainst the old beech tree,  
 Gazing up to the heaven so blue,  
 And in living characters there could see  
 Inscribed, "HE dwelleth here too."



He bowed his head on his aching breast,  
 He pressed to his heart his hand;  
 But from thence came not that voice so blessed—  
 That voice of a better land.

He rose from his seat, all trembling and sad,  
 And lowly he bended his knee;  
 "GREAT SPIRIT OF TRUTH," then loudly he cried,  
 "Come, take up thy dwelling in me."

The Father of mercies hath answered his prayer—  
 Hath pitied his darkness and grief;  
 For he made of his bosom a dwelling-place there,  
 And banished its dread unbelief.

E. R. H.

## AH! WHO WOULD LIVE ALWAYS?

AH! who would live always? Who, for one moment, could desire forever to exist in a world where sin and sorrow mar the happiness of every individual, and embitter even the sweetest pleasures of life. The ocean, on which we float, is not a smooth, unruffled sea, secure against storms of sorrow, free from care, and undisturbed by any dark waves of trial and perplexity. Ah, no! it is quite the reverse; and they, who float on its troubled bosom, though urged forward by the most propitious gales of life, must at times buffet its angry surge, and encounter all the various ills incident to human nature. They must see with a throbbing heart and aching bosom, their brightest hopes fade and disappear, and know that their early expectations have been touched by the cruel hand of disappointment—are withered and forever dead, while Fancy's towering air-built castles are crumbled to the dust.

This is a sad picture, but is it not a true one? Have not we all had sufficient experience to realize that earth's fairest flowers quickly decay? To-day they may unveil their beauty, and glisten in the morning sun, but ere to-morrow where are they? Gone, forever gone! We have all looked on in sorrow, and seen sickness fast twining a faded garland around the brow of a loved friend, and watched with anxious solicitude the trembling hand, as it each day grew pale and more emaciated. And yet we could afford no relief. Human aid could not mitigate the suffering of those we loved. And, more than this: we have stood by the dying bed—have witnessed the last struggle of dissolving nature, and followed them to the silent tomb. With bitter tears have we watered the green sod which hid them from our sight, and then have we felt, that we would not live always.

Yet there are strong ties which bind us to earth, and many things which cause us to cling tenaciously to existence; but these are not unmixed with dregs of sorrow. Earth has allurements which for awhile may please and delight us, and we forget that the evil hour is at hand. We see not the dark cloud which hangs over, just ready to burst on our defenceless heads. We may gaze with feelings of awe on the noble forest tree, and look, with feelings of delight, on the flowering shrub which blossoms beneath our window. But autumn winds will soon wither the green foliage of the tree, and destroy the favorite flower, whose sweets were gently wafted on

summer's gladsome breeze. Thus is our life a life of changes. To-day we may be happy—to-morrow engulfed in sorrow's dark abyss. But we have one cheering thought, one ray of hope which illumines even the darkest hours of life, and whispers joy and gladness to the most dejected heart. This world is not our home. Here we are not always to exist. Soon the lamp of life will cease to burn, and be forever extinguished. Then the traveller, outworn by the weary and tiresome pilgrimage of life, hails with joy the happy moment, and welcomes the pilot which guides him to those fair Elysian fields where bloom those flowers of unalloyed happiness, which were planted and cherished here by the hands of Virtue and Holiness.

AMARANTHA.

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### NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

YES; this once favored child of fortune has at last fallen—fallen from an eminence on which his own genius had placed him. Without a protector, portion, or friend, he had raised himself, from an humble situation, to the summit of human grandeur and power. He had caused all Europe to tremble. The most formidable princes had been compelled to bow to this mighty conqueror, and, after a short career of unprecedented prosperity, we see this fearless warrior and consummate statesman, blinded by success and glory, hastening to his ruin, and completing his own downfall. The same insatiable ambition, which prompted him to extend his dominion over the whole earth, was the sure means of his prostration. And we see him, who had been universally acknowledged one of the most powerful monarchs that ever existed, almost entirely deserted by the few remaining friends which the victorious allies had left him; denied every thing by his countrymen except the means of flight; throwing himself upon the generosity of his enemies, and receiving from them a prison for his dwelling. Far different would have been his fate, had the powerful energies of his mind been exerted in promoting the liberty and best interests of his fellow-men. To him France might have owed freedom and prosperity, instead of slavery and anarchy. His peculiar intellect fitted him to occupy a station above the lot of ordinary men, and he might have become the savior, instead of the scourge, of his country. He was conscious of his own power; and instead of making an effort to establish the liberty for which France had just been deluged in blood—instead of aspiring to the honor of becoming the founder of a nation of freemen, he chose to become the ruler of a nation of slaves. Who, before the light of eternity dawns upon us, can estimate the amount of wretchedness and woe that followed the misguided ambition of this despot.

But how is the scene reversed. Splendor and empire have passed away; the war and din of battle with him have ceased. His glory and power are no more; and the consul, conqueror, and emperor has become an exile on the sea-girt Isle of St. Helena. Severe indeed was the lesson of submission to him, the favorite of Fortune, and on whose former life she had showered so many favors. Yet his proud spirit was still uncon-



quered ; in the school of adversity he was no docile pupil. The lessons there taught him were received with a sullen resolution to derive no profit from their teachings. If a ray of light ever shone to cheer the midnight gloom of his mind, it was when he indulged the wild hope that he might again be restored to his country ; for even here, surrounded as he was by waves and rocks, wild dreams of conquest and victory still flitted over his imagination. He did not wish—nay, he even scorned to be resigned to his fate. His thoughts were continually wandering back to the shores of his own sunny France, to the time when Europe's monarchs were forced to yield to him in the council, and on the field ; and to the withering hour when he was hurled from the throne, and forcibly brought to this desolate isle, which was to be his home, and his tomb. If he had been willing to cast from him his crown and his glory, to renounce the pomp of life, and devote his powers to that greatest of victories, the conquest of his own spirit, half his misery might have been averted. But the same stern spirit that was conspicuous in the emperor, was alike prominent in the exile, and induced him to spurn every thing that would have alleviated his wretchedness. He had made self his idol, in all his actions ; however apparently generous and amiable, still could be ever traced his predominant principle, selfishness. It was this that prompted him to soar into a cold and desolate region, far above all his cotemporaries. When we reflect upon the firmness of his purpose, the untiring and unceasing vigor with which he pursued all his plans, our admiration is excited. But alas ! we cannot forget the fortunes destroyed, the lives lost, the hopes blighted, and the hearts made desolate to gratify his ambition. In his hours of loneliness and solitude were there no sad remembrances of the misery he had caused ? Or had he learned to think that nothing could be wrong which would promote his own aggrandizement ? The unhappy state of his mind aggravated the disease which had fastened upon him, and Death was soon to open the gate of that prison for which " Hope had ceased to present any other key." The destroying angel hovered near, and the last words of his passing spirit indicated that he still clung to hopes of earth. Then was the proud one conquered by a greater Conqueror still ; and in the narrow sphere of this lonely spot slept the conqueror of Europe. Long will the voyager and stranger stop to gaze upon the dreary sepulchre that once contained him before whose mighty prowess so many were forced to yield. This desolate rock, swept by the fierce tempests of the ocean, rearing its head in the midst of the broad Atlantic, is a fit emblem of the stormy life and unfading fame of Napoleon ; and as it rises amid the ocean waste, so will his name rise cheerless, desolate, and cold amid the vast ocean of Time.

J. S. W.

It was a truth, which the great Fenelon earnestly endeavored to inculcate upon the mind of his royal pupil, that *ingratitude is to be expected from men* ; and that it must never interfere with our exertions to do them good.

## THE INFLUENCE OF FASHION.

It was truly a beautiful Sabbath morn; I had arisen at an early hour, and witnessed with mingled feelings of pleasure and admiration, the gradual approach of the morning sun till it appeared, in all its splendor and magnificence, a thing of life and motion—a being of will and power, suspended in the heavens to teach man his own inferiority, and subjection to a Greater than himself. A consciousness that it was Sabbath morning, infused into my soul a serene and holy calm, like that which seemed to pervade all Nature; and, while I gazed upon the pages of Nature's book, ever open for our own instruction, I felt a deep sense of the wisdom and love of that Being who created them. In every scene throughout Nature's wild domain, we may learn a lesson of instruction. The perfection of Deity is not less displayed in rearing the tender plant that blossoms in the humble vale, than in the majestic oak, the sovereign of the forest trees, and pride of its possessor. Every object in Nature to a reflecting mind, is full of Divine instruction, leading the mind away from earth and transitory things—transporting it to a fairer clime, to hold converse with beings of heavenly birth. If our pathway through life is strewn with thorns—if disappointment dashes from our lips the promised cup of pleasure, and Melancholy marks us for her prey, let us seek a refuge in Nature's welcome embrace and listen to her sweet voice, and her holy instruction will prove a soothing and healing balm to our wounded spirits; let us

“Go forth under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,  
Comes a still voice”

that cheers our spirits with its gentle and holy teachings. Let us worship God through his works, and meditate on heaven and heavenly things, and we shall be holier, happier, more like HIM who created us.

Soon all was life and motion; the church-bells were sounding from every part of the city, and their call was obeyed by thousands, who might have been wending their way to their respective places of worship. I too prepared to obey its summons with a grateful heart for so blessed a privilege. As I was making preparations, my thoughts recurred to one whose accustomed seat at church had long been vacant. It was the seat of Mary C——, who had been deprived of that privilege through the winter by illness; but now she had nearly regained her good health, and I again hailed that lovely vernal morn with an additional emotion of pleasure, as one in which my friend might venture out with safety, and again enjoy the happiness of paying her devotions in a house dedicated to the worship of our Father, who is in heaven. I immediately started, and soon found myself seated by my friend, who welcomed me with a smile of pleasure. I was indeed happy to witness the bloom of returning health and happiness. I expressed a wish that she might accompany me to church, as the day was pleasant and tranquil. She did not reply immediately, and I saw her countenance of chagrin. “Do you not go out yet?” said I. “Yes,” she replied; “but not to meeting. I have remained at home all winter, so I



have not purchased anything new, but I intend to procure me a suit as soon as the spring fashions come out."

As I could not prevail upon her to accompany me, I bade her "Good morning," and hastened to church; and while listening to the discourse of our beloved pastor, the remembrance of the morning scene passed from my mind, but it left an unpleasant impression which I could not easily erase; and for some days I have pondered upon the folly and evil consequences of yielding our own tastes and judgments to the dictates of Fashion, however strange, novel, or ridiculous it may be. We know that from a strict adherence to some customs and usages which have prevailed at different periods of time and in different countries, the health, comfort, and lives of those who have foolishly enslaved their judgment to the caprices of Fashion have oft been sacrificed. If people of reason and intellect would reflect, they would perceive that the only rational idea that can be attached to dress is, that it is for the promotion of our comfort, and is only worthy of our consideration so far as it effects its object; and that custom or mode which but protects us from physical inconvenience is the one worthy of commendation and adoption. Novelty or fancy should not decide upon a question where health depends. And to yield, in abject subjection, to even a universal mania of folly, is the consummation of weakness. To reject such fashions as the judgment does not approve, is more worthy of intelligent beings. In fashion, in dress, and in ornaments, reason, not fancy or custom, should regulate our decision.

Does any one doubt the patriotism of women? Were the public in danger from the invasion of a foreign foe, woman would be the first to submit to any privation or suffering that the interest of her country required. We have only to refer to the Revolutionary war to find an example of the patriotic spirit that women possess. But when honor, virtue, the good of society, and common sense calls upon us to resign the luxury, costly jewels, foreign silks, and other various superfluities, and instead of studying fashion merely for display, consult our own good taste and convenience, we shrink from the proposal, as from one devoid of taste, gentility, and fashion. Ah! that is the thing—FASHION. It would seem that the fear of misfortune might exert sufficient influence to check the pride of fashion; but by some the fear of not being considered fashionable in the gay world is the greatest source of anxiety; and surely under such circumstances, if ever, the interests of society require a change—a *very great revolution*. Let those ladies then, who are ambitious of distinction, who have heretofore claimed homage by the superiority of their wealth and beauty, begin reformation. Let them come forth as beings of mind and intellect; not, however, unadorned and unmindful of taste. Nay—I would they might be decked with jewels, and crowned with wreaths of fairest flowers; but the most precious jewels are virtue, purity, and benevolence, and the loveliest flowers are the graces and charms which a cultivated mind and a refined taste can bestow. Let them make the virtue of the heart—a charitable and benevolent disposition, exalted intellectual attainment—the only standard of rank, worthy of distinction, that will be permanent. Let them, possessed as they are of kind feelings and intelligent minds, consider how much depends upon the cultivation of those faculties; how much more *real* beauty they would possess if an improved mind, a generous sympathizing soul, shone expressive through every feature. I am sure there would be less vain show and coquetry in the world, and true

feminine beauty would be more common, and of a superior quality. What a pity it is that those who have the means for mental improvement—of storing their minds with the rich treasures of science—of being a blessing to themselves, and an honor to society, should allow the trifling vanities of a changing world to engage all the faculties of their minds; that they should yield themselves willing captives at the shrine of fashion; that their ambition should aim at no higher distinction than mere personal display, when, gifted with personal charms, natural talent, and blessed with wealth and influence, they might work a revolution in the manners and fashions of society, that would justly entitle them to the heart-felt gratitude of every republican spirit; and the world would call them, what in truth they would be, the benefactors of their country. Let them commence by laying aside all glittering ornaments, all expensive trappings, and appear in simple attire, asserting the true dignity of their characters, and the natural graces of their minds, the gentleness of their dispositions, will shine with untarnished lustre. Though they may not excite the wonder and admiration of the curious and fashionable, the charms of a well-directed mind will ever be appreciated by the virtuous and intelligent; though no longer a pattern for the gay world in the circle of kindred and friends, their example of purity and benevolence is felt and acknowledged. Happiness cannot consist in the glittering of wealth, in a show of magnificence, or public applause. They may dazzle and bewilder awhile, and afford a temporary pleasure, but it is short, as its votaries can truly testify. True happiness can only be obtained by a proper exercise of the faculties which God has implanted within us. A person whose mind is stored with useful knowledge, whose affections are cultivated by deeds of kindness, and acts of love, has learned by experience that “wisdom’s ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

May it no more be said that America’s daughters are becoming the slaves of fashionable tyrants, who, like the officers of the grand inquisition, refine torture and cruelty to learn how much their victims can bear.

L.

This is from quite a young correspondent, but its suggestions may be of much benefit to many of her elders.—ED.

## PLEASANT DUTIES.

AMONG the many pleasant duties of an editorial life is that of writing short articles, to fill the niches at the bottom of a page. To spin out a short thought, or to cramp a long one, is a Procrustes effort we are often called upon to make. Perhaps it would be as well not to think at all. To be sure the grammar says that words are signs of ideas; but in this respect grammar and common experience are entirely at variance. If nobody talked but those who thought—if nobody wrote but those who have new ideas to give, the world—this earth of ours—would be, comparatively, a quiet place. But methinks the shadow of a coming idea falls forward upon my paper—I have no room for it—I must retreat—I must stop before I begin.

H. F.



In giving the following article to the public, we would say, in explanation, that it was written several years since, and was suggested by a criticism upon some author's style (Dr. Bird's, if we remember correctly). The remark is now forgotten; but at the time, the idea presented itself, that were Truth in *propria personæ* upon earth, how often his reception would depend upon the shape of his hat, and the cut of his coat!

As originally written, we are aware that some portions might be objected to, upon the pages of the Offering, as sectarian. These we shall expunge. Not that we think them less true than formerly, but for *Truth's* sake, we would not raise a mooted question. And we well know that some of our most ardent friends are wont to regard every thing as sectarian which does not sustain their own peculiar code of belief. Some political incidents we shall be necessitated to omit also. This will naturally detract something from the point of Truth's wanderings. But we will hope that, without disturbing the waters of political and religious controversy, the portion of "Truth's Pilgrimage," admissible to the pages of the Offering, will meet the indulgence of the public. We have given life as we have found it. We have not invented its ethics, nor fashioned its etiquette, to meet the exigency of our demand; and if any community, or caste, deem themselves aimed at, we would remind them, that *only* "the wounded bird flutters on the wing."

These explanations we have deemed necessary, as the original article is well known to many of our friends, and we fear that their love of *truth* will raise a miniature tempest about our ears, with the watchword of *sectarianism, in terrorem*; unless, in advance, we inform them that we have extracted all the sting from our bee. We give them the hive, but they compel us to keep the honey for our private use. Yet, we cannot but deprecate that spirit which makes truth sectarian, and actual facts a libel.

1844.

H. F. C.

### TRUTH'S PILGRIMAGE.

MID the resplendant brightness of immortal purity, the voice of supplication was heard. The angel, whose spirit imprinted even upon the councils of the HIGH SUPREME *justice*, petitioned that again he might wander upon the earth, upon his errand of mercy. Not, again, as the angel of light and truth, from whose startling brilliancy the sons of men had fled, but as a being, one of their kind, with his spirit imbued with heavenly attributes, to persuade and teach the earth-created sons of HEAVEN'S KING, that happiness, even celestial bliss, was but the *perfection of love*. JEHOVAH answered.

"Thy prayer is granted. Go, bright spirit of purity, and seek the mundane sphere. Go, even as thou desirest, subject alike as mortals to hopes, fears, and passions—subjected by thy earthly nature to pain, care, want, and suffering. Go, endowed with all human knowledge of science, language, and art. In Heaven, thou art an angel—in true wisdom, a sage; but in earth, a new-born child, ignorant of its history, its temptations, manners, customs, and prejudices, and helpless from want of experience in the life thou hast chosen. But, go: thy greatest boon while there shall

be, not to know the evils before thee ; and thy greatest consolation in the trials which await thee, that the failings of thy earthly nature shall not be remembered and blotted against thee, when thy spirit is recalled from whence it sprang. Go!" \* \* \* \* \*

The spirit awoke. A cooling breeze played through the palms ; the fragrant perfume of the myrrh, the citron, and the orange impregnated the air ; and the lovely tints of the oriental flowers spread their gorgeous beauty over the loveliness of the scene.

"Sweet world!" said he, as he gazed upon the beauty which greeted his vision, "how can thy inhabitants depart from the pure teachings of thy natural objects? Every thing is beautiful and in order—every natural want of every creature is supplied by the gracious bounty of OMNIPOTENCE, and how can they wander from, and distrust THY care and THY love, FATHER?" he continued, prostrating himself in homage to JEHOVAH. After this act of praise, he thus communed. "I am not permitted," said he, "to reveal the dazzling truths of Heaven to mortal gaze. Revelation has been given them, that by faith and hope they may enjoy a foretaste of its blessedness. I am only allowed by precept and example to teach them that their best good, their highest interest, is in '*pureness of spirit.*'"

The sun had long since passed its meridian height, and was fast declining towards the western horizon, and Truth, conscious of a desire new to him, plucked the fruit from the overhanging branches to satisfy the cravings of an earthly appetite. At this moment, a cavalcade appeared in distance upon the plain, and reached the grove which embowered Truth as the sun threw its farewell ray along the horizon.

"To prayers!" was the clarion mandate from among the horsemen. Instantly every man dismounted, and, all facing in the same direction, bowed in devotion.

Truth gazed in astonishment. The ceremonies were novel, and without meaning to him. "But," said he, "they are of no moment—it is devotedness of heart which our FATHER requires ; and simple ceremonies can neither add, nor detract from purity of intention. These," continued he, addressing the SUPREME, "have not forgotten THEE, the Author of their existence, nor are they unmindful of THY praise. May THY love be with them." And he bowed, to mingle his prayers, with the strangers. They finished their orisons, and entered the grove before Truth had risen from his reverential posture.

"Ha! dog!" exclaimed one of them, spurning Truth with his foot. "Knowest thou not the way of the Holy City! Infidel! at prayers with an unclean face!" he continued, as Truth arose, and he noticed the stain of the orange upon his lip.

"Brother," said Truth.

"Brother! No brother! Christian! Dog! Turn your back upon Mecca, and pray to Mahomet with an unwashed face!"

"I intended no offence," interposed Truth, "but prayed to God, our Father, knowing all cities were to HIM alike."

"Profanation!" interrupted the Mahometan. "All cities alike! and Mahomet's coffin in Mecca!"

"Who is Mahomet?" inquired Truth.

"Christian!" exclaimed the Mussulman with contempt. "Not know Mahomet, God's Prophet!" and beating Truth with his sabre, he left him to perish.



The coolness of the evening resuscitated him, and crawling into the grove from whence he had been driven, he implored divine aid to enable him to bear the trials of his earthly pilgrimage.

With the morning's sun he started on his wanderings, humbled for his presumption in endeavoring to aid ALMIGHTY POWER in the instruction of His creatures, and regretting the bright abodes of purity and bliss which he had left upon an errand of curiosity. We may not follow minutely his wanderings in the East, but, cautious from his first experience of intruding upon the preconceived opinions of mankind, his meek unobtrusiveness secured him the kind hospitality of the barren districts which he traversed. And in entering upon a more populous region, he found himself upon the seaboard, where mingled different nations, kindreds, and tongues, drawn together by the great commercial interests of the world. He sought information of their respective countries, and was induced to think, by the knowledge thus gained, that his mission would be of more effect were he in some part of Christendom where the gospel was understood, and Christ's redemption acknowledged. Circumstances induced a captain bound for parts in the Mediterranean to receive him on board his vessel, and he was landed at Rome. He viewed with eager curiosity its splendid architectural efforts, and finding the most costly workmanship dedicated to JEHOVAH, he entered one of the churches to praise HIM for directing his footsteps where the *best* was consecrated to the worship of the MOST HIGH. The day he landed at Rome was one of a holy festival, and he descended from the porch of the church with the multitude which thronged its aisles, at the moment that the procession of the Pope moved down the street. He was struck with astonishment at the profound stillness of the crowd, and the deep veneration of their manner.

[NOTE. Here we shall be obliged to omit the reception of Truth by the populace of Rome, for fear of intruding within forbidden precincts; yet, for the benefit of those who shall fill the picture here omitted with violence and cruelty, we will state that our hero's reception at Rome was not worse than some which he met in our own beloved land of civil and religious liberty. Truth is too unostentatious, when *unadorned*, to receive much of general attention and kindness in any part of Christendom in the nineteenth century. And were the personifications of Truth and Falsehood to enter any fashionable drawing-room, we care not in what land or country, it requires no stretch of the imagination to decide which would be voted the *bear*—and which the—*finished gentleman*!]

Again the wanderer breathed the pure air of Heaven, and returning thanks to God for His goodness, he proceeded on his way, a lone and weary traveller. But want of sympathy was not to him as to earth-born intelligences. Thus far, from mankind, he had met but rebuffs, contumely, and scorn, and he welcomed with delight the view of the vast mountains where it seemed that loneliness reigned. In communion with his own pure desires, and in indulging in reveries where his ardent hopes for the improvement of the race of intelligent beings, "created but little lower than the angels," he enjoyed something like the blissful peace inherent in his heavenly nature. But, brought in contact with man's errors, frailties, and arrogance—suffering from the exercise of the puny authority of earth's lord, he could not but experience the keenest anguish, while his bosom throbbed with pity and commiseration. Subject to mortal infirmities, feeling the same physical inconveniences, and possessing a deeper knowledge of "good and evil," his first impulse was to fly; and in seclusion, chafed and humbled, to await with resignation his recall to the presence of

ALL GOODNESS. He climbed mountains and descended into valleys, then led his way up the mountain again; but he was unconscious of the weariness of his earthly nature, and regarded not the privations of hunger, which, at times, pressed him amid the barrenness of the higher regions, for in the vast stillness of nature God reigned.

He had not counted the suns which had risen, nor noted the times that the shadows of night had clouded the light, when, penetrating within a valley, he came to what appeared as an outlet between two projecting rocks, by a narrow chasm, which scarcely allowed a foothold upon the side of a small deep torrent which rushed with deafening roar through the channel. Despite the terror of the way, he followed its course, and as the darkness of night gathered around him, he found himself upon a rich alluvial soil, which spontaneously offered the bounties of nature to his hand. The rapid, frowning stream was changed into a calm, placid and beautiful river. Refreshed by the pure air and his evening meal, with grateful adoration he poured forth his spirit in thanksgiving and praise to his "FATHER IN HEAVEN," and composing himself beneath the umbrageous covering of a fragrant tree, was soon in a deep slumber.

When he awoke, he found himself upon a low couch surrounded by several persons, who, apparently, were watching him with curiosity, anxiety, and wonder. They all retreated, when he opened his eyes, save one venerable old man, with a long beard and flowing hair bleached by age to snowy whiteness. He advanced, and laying his hand upon Truth, said, "Whence and what art thou? That we found thee in the same deep sleep which falls upon our eyelids, shows that thou art even as us—not the God we worship."

Truth replied that he was a wanderer upon the earth, and meeting naught but cruelty and unkindness from men, had sought the solitude of the wilderness. His hearers listened with surprise to his remarks upon the world and mankind, for they had thought themselves the only intelligent beings created by God, who were subject to the change of death. They possessed a knowledge of revealed religion, and practised upon the pure precepts inculcated by Jesus Christ. There was a tradition among them that once the earth was peopled, but that it was by bad men, who had by physical prowess destroyed each other. When they found Truth, they were terrified to see one whom they knew not, constituted with a body like themselves, but their compassion overcame their terror, and they remembered that it was enjoined upon them "to be courteous to strangers," and they carefully removed him to one of their cottages, and there awaited the close of his slumber.

Weeks grew into months, and Truth still remained, more blest than he yet had been on earth, among the simple and unsophisticated inhabitants of the valley. He sought to discover from whence they came, but their ignorance of their ancestry baffled his inquiries, and the only solution which he could give to the mystery was, that in some former time their ancestors had retired, disgusted with mankind, and having found so secure a retreat had carefully concealed all knowledge of the rest of the world from their children, through fear that curiosity might draw them from their paternal care and affection. They had some knowledge of government and education, possessed some manuscripts, which were regarded with deep veneration, and were never exhibited, save on the most solemn and dignified occasions. The valley was not more than seventy miles in cir-



cumference, surrounded on all sides by high inaccessible mountains, and without any outlet, save the chasm where the waters rushed under the mountains. The population consisted of some few hundreds—all of whom were contented, happy, and healthy. The inhabitants grew old until their sinews could no longer perform their functions, and then they died, not regretting their change. Pastoral from necessity, they were partially clothed in the skins of beasts, and partly by their own rude manufactures.

Truth noticed, as a peculiarity, the care, attention, and partiality which was bestowed upon the thistle. In every garden there was a spot devoted to its culture: the maiden gave its blossom the preference for ornament; the lover wreathed its flowers into garlands for his mistress; and the matron adorned her household with its graceful bloom. He gazed and wondered at the strange taste which selected a thorn for beauty and embellishment, and inquired from whence originated so singular a predilection.

"Thistle!" repeated the individual whom he questioned; "this is not a thistle, but a rose."

"A rose!" responded Truth in astonishment; "you do not call this weed a rose?"

"Our fathers and our manuscripts have taught us that they were roses," replied the man, with gravity, "and we have not sought to be wiser than our teachers."

It was evident that the man was greatly offended at Truth's presumption in questioning the wisdom and knowledge of his ancestors, and the veracity of his venerated manuscript teachers. The memory of his fathers, their faith, and even their errors were to him sacred, and to violate one, or correct the other, would have been equal sacrilege.

Thus it is in life. Children, in their veneration for their parents and teachers, imbibe the same deference for their opinions, and dereliction from the latter seems but the violation of the former. And in scarce aught, save to avoid physical suffering, and to ameliorate the conditions of that curse which doomed man to "live by the sweat of his brow," do we find mankind pursuing different steps from their fathers. In moral sentiments, in new discoveries of science, nothing, but the most irrefragible proof, the most positive demonstration, can convince them that they might have been taught wrong, or that former generations had not discovered the whole *phenomena* of nature. And for this proof, they are more times indebted to accident—or rather Providence—than design. "*The world*" is not wont to consider that candor and justice require that they should examine with care what they have judged error to prove its falsehood. "*THE WORLD!*" that tribunal from which there is no appeal, will not do this, but will, with ready and willing tongue, pronounce every thing *false* which chances to jostle its prepossessions. And this judgment is oftentimes awarded without any knowledge of the principle or theory which they are condemning, and without a shadow of evidence of its falsity, save that they had been taught differently, or were ignorant of the matter—assuming that they had learned all truth, and had discovered all laws.

While Truth and his companion were yet engaged in their discussion, that bird, which soars the highest and seeks its eyry among the most inaccessible cliffs of the mountain, appeared above them, with some object clutched in his talons. After circling the valley, before it rose again above the mountains, it dropped its burden in a distant field. As they noticed its flight, curiosity induced them to go and examine what had escaped

from its grasp. It proved a chaplet of flowers, interwoven with roses like those with which the peasants of France adorn their arches during the village fetes. Truth seized the chaplet with triumph, as he could then by ocular demonstration convince his companion of his error. He explained that these were, in truth, roses, and exhibited their superiority over the humble thistle. The man listened to him with angered indignation, and would have smote him, but Truth's mild and modest dignity awed his opponent into more forbearance than this summary method of closing a discussion, and he contented himself by seeking his neighbors and traducing Truth's honesty and veracity; and offering, in proof of his tale, that Truth had denied that their favorite flower was a rose, and was for palming upon their credulity a pretty delicate blossom, which he was sure must be poisonous, as none resembling it grew within the valley.

The matter was too serious not to be investigated with due solemnity, and Truth was cited to appear before a council convened to consider his offence. Men, frail by nature, ignorant and prejudiced, without the power or the will to examine but *one side* of the question, met together for mature deliberation of *their* preconceived opinions, and called this solemn mockery of outward pomp—*justice!* Where, upon the earth's surface, shall we look for that divine attribute? Man may aim to do right, but PREJUDICE closes his eyes, and stops his ears from receiving testimony.

The council opened their proceedings by producing their parchment books, where the rose was imperfectly described as bursting from a green bud, supported by a delicate and slender stem, and defended by briars. After reading the testimony of their author, which, under any circumstances, would have been questionable authority, as it was not a treatise upon botany, but an accidental allusion to the pride of Flora's realm, in a volume upon another subject, they called upon Truth to retract his assertions disputing the validity of the thistle to the title of the rose. He refused so to do, and proceeded to show them that the flowers of the chaplet were in reality those alluded to by the authority which they had quoted. His pertinacious defence against their united wisdom threw the whole assembly into confusion. Some cried to drown him; others proposed choking to convince him of his errors, but the more humane and benevolent part prevailed, and he was sentenced to be banished from the jurisdiction of their power. He came, they knew not from whence, and they sent him beyond their knowledge to perish; and but one word of commiseration or pity followed his exit. One old lady regretted that the flowers of the chaplet were not roses, but conscious of the error of her desire, she added, "*they were too sweet to be roses!*" and our wanderer again went forth alone, and without sympathy.

(To be continued.)

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A single verse, though not quite so sage,  
Will nicely help to fill this page;  
The last two lines, what shall they be?  
I think of nothing—O dear me!



## LETTERS FROM SUSAN.

## LETTER THIRD.

LOWELL, July —, —.

DEAR MARY: You complain that I do not keep my promise of being a good correspondent, but if you could know how sultry it is here, and how fatigued I am by my work this warm weather, you would not blame me. It is now that I begin to dislike these hot brick pavements, and glaring buildings. I want to be at home—to go down to the brook over which the wild grapes have made a natural arbor, and to sit by the cool spring around which the fresh soft brakes cluster so lovingly. I think of the time when, with my little bare feet, I used to follow in aunt Nabby's footsteps through the fields of corn—stepping high and long till we came to the bleaching ground; and I remember—but I must stop, for I know you wish me to write of what I am now doing, as you already know of what I have done.

Well; I go to work every day—not earlier than I should at home, nor do I work later, but I mind the confinement more than I should in a more unpleasant season of the year. I have extra work now—I take care of three looms; and when I wrote you before I could not well take care of two. But help is very scarce now, and they let us do as much work as we please; and I am highly complimented upon my “powers of execution.” Many of the girls go to their country homes in the summer. The majority of the operatives are country girls. These have always the preference, because, in the fluctuations to which manufactures are liable, there would be much less distress among a population who could resort to other homes, than if their entire interest was in the city. And in the summer these girls go to rest, and recruit themselves for another “yearly campaign”—not a bad idea in them either. I shall come home next summer; I have been here too short a time to make it worth while now. I wish they would have a *vacation* in “dog days”—stop the mills, and *make* all the girls rest; and let their “men-folks” do up their “ditching,” or whatever else it is they now do Sundays.

But these mills are not such dreadful places as you imagine them to be. You think them dark damp holes; as close and black as—as the Black Hole at Calcutta. Now, dear M., it is no such thing. They are high spacious well-built edifices, with neat paths around them, and beautiful plots of greensward. These are kept fresh by the “force-pumps” belonging to every corporation. And some of the corporations have beautiful flower gardens connected with the factories. One of the overseers, with whom I am acquainted, gave me a beautiful boquet the other morning, which was radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, and fragrant with the sweet perfume of many kinds of mints and roses. He has a succession of beautiful blossoms from spring till “cold weather.” He told me that he could raise enough to bring him fifty dollars if he chose to sell them; and this from a little bit of sand not larger than our front yard, which you know is small for a country house. But it is so full—here a few dollars have brought on a fresh soil, and “patience has done its perfect work,” What might not be accomplished in the country with a little industry and taste.

But I have said enough of the outside of our mills—now for the inside. The rooms are high, very light, kept nicely whitewashed, and extremely neat; with many plants in the window seats, and white cotton curtains to the windows. The machinery is very handsomely made and painted, and is placed in regular rows; thus, in a large mill, presenting a beautiful and uniform appearance. I have sometimes stood at one end of a row of green looms, when the girls were gone from between them, and seen the lathes moving back and forth, the harnesses up and down, the white cloth winding over the rollers, through the long perspective; and I have thought it beautiful.

Then the girls dress so neatly, and are so pretty. The mill girls are the prettiest in the city. You wonder how they can keep neat. Why not? There are no restrictions as to the number of pieces to be washed in the boarding-house. And, as there is plenty of water in the mill, the girls can wash their laces and muslins and other nice things themselves, and no boarding woman ever refuses the conveniences for starching and ironing. You say too that you do not see how we can have so many conveniences and comforts at the price we pay for board. You must remember that the boarding-houses belong to the companies, and are let to the tenants far below the usual city rent—sometimes the rent is remitted. Then there are large families, so that there are the profits of many individuals. The country farmers are quite in the habit of bringing their produce to the boarding-houses for sale, thus reducing the price by the omission of the market-man's profit. So you see there are many ways by which we get along so well.

You ask me how the girls behave in the mill, and what are the punishments. They behave very well while about their work, and I have never heard of punishments, or scoldings, or anything of that sort. Sometimes an overseer finds fault, and sometimes offends a girl by refusing to let her stay out of the mill, or some deprivation like that; and then, perhaps, there are tears and pouts on her part, but, in general, the tone of intercourse between the girls and overseers is very good—pleasant, yet respectful. When the latter are fatherly sort of men the girls frequently resort to them for advice and assistance about other affairs than their work. Very seldom is this confidence abused; but, among the thousands of overseers who have lived in Lowell, and the tens of thousands of girls who have in time been here, there are legends still told of wrong suffered and committed. "To err is human," and when the frailties of humanity are exhibited by a factory girl it is thought of for worse than are the errors of any other persons.

The only punishment among the girls is dismissal from their places. They do not, as many think, withhold their wages; and as for corporal punishment—mercy on me! To strike a female would cost any overseer his place. If the superintendents did not take the affair into consideration the girls would turn out, as they did at the Temperance celebration, "Independent day;" and if they didn't look as pretty, I am sure they would produce as deep an impression.

By the way, I almost forgot to tell you that we had a "Fourth of July" in Lowell, and a nice one it was too. The Temperance celebration was the chief dish in the entertainment. The chief, did I say? It was almost the whole. It was the great turkey that Scroggs sent for Bob Cratchet's Christmas dinner. But, perhaps you don't read Dickens, so I will make no more "classical allusions." In the evening we had the Hutchinsons,



from our own Granite State, who discoursed sweet music *so sweetly*. They have become great favorites with the public. It is not on account of their fine voices only, but their pleasant modest manners—the perfect sense of propriety which they exhibit in all their demeanor; and I think they are not less popular *here* because they sing the wrongs of the slave, and the praises of cold water.

But, dear Mary, I fear I have tired you with this long letter, and yet I have not answered half your questions. Do you wish to hear anything more about the overseers? Once for all, then, there are many very likely intelligent public-spirited men among them. They are interested in the good movements of the day; teachers in the Sabbath schools; and some have represented the city in the State Legislature. They usually marry among the factory girls, and do not connect themselves with their inferiors either. Indeed, in almost all the matches here the female is superior in education and manner, if not in intellect, to her partner.

The overseers have good salaries, and their families live very prettily. I observe that in almost all cases the mill girls make excellent wives. They are good managers, orderly in their households, and “neat as wax-work.” It seems as though they were so delighted to have houses of their own to take care of, that they would never weary of the labor and the care.

The boarding women you ask about. They are usually widows or single women from the country; and many questions are always asked, and references required, before a house is given to a new applicant. It is true that mistakes are sometimes made, and *the wrong person gets into the pew*, but

“Things like this you know must be,”  
Where’er there is a factory.

I see I have given you rhyme; it is not all quotation, nor *entirely original*.

I think it requires quite a complication of good qualities to make up a good boarding woman. “She looks well to the ways of her household,” and must be even more than all that King Solomon describes in the last chapter of Proverbs. She not only in winter “riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, a portion to her maidens,” but she sitteth up far into the night, and seeth that her maidens are asleep, and that their lamps are gone out. Perhaps she doth not “consider a field to buy it,” but she considereth every piece of meat, and bushel of potatoes, and barrel of flour, and load of wood, and box of soap, and every little thing, whether its quantity, quality, and price are what discretion would recommend her to purchase. “She is not afraid of the snow for her household,” for she maketh them wear rubber overshoes, and thick cloaks and hoods, and seeth that the paths are broken out. “Her clothing is silk and purple,” and she looketh neat and comely. It may be that her husband sitteth *not* “in the gates,” for it is too often the case that he hath abandoned her, or loafeth in the streets. “She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.” Her maidens go to her for counsel and sympathy, if a decayed tooth begins to jump, or a lover proves faithless; and to keep twoscore young maidens in peace with themselves, each other, and her own self, is no slight task. The price of such a woman is, indeed, *above rubies*. “Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her.”

I have now told you of mill girls, overseers and their wives, and board-

ing-housekeepers, and I feel that I have won forgiveness for neglecting you so long. You think that I have too high an opinion of our superintendents. I hope not. I do think that many of them are chosen as combining, in their characters, many excellent qualities. Some of them may be as selfish as you suppose. But we must remember that they owe a duty to their employers, as well as to those they employ. They are agents of the companies, as well as superintendents of us. Where those duties conflict I hope the sympathies of the man will always be with the more dependent party.

Country people are very suspicious. I do not think them perfect. A poet will look at a wood-cutter, and say "there is an honest man;" and as likely as not the middle of his load is rotten punk, and crooked sticks make many interstices, while all looks well without. A rustic butcher slays an animal that is dying of disease, and carries his meat to the market. The butcher and the woodman meet, and say all manner of harsh things against the "*grandeers*" of the city, and quote such poetry as,

"God made the country—  
Man made the town," &c.

It is true that with the same disposition for villany the man of influence must do the most harm. But, where there is most light, may there not be most true knowledge? And, even if there is no more principle, may there not be, with more cultivation of mind, a feeling of honor and of self-respect which may be of some benefit in its stead.

But I have written till I am fairly wearied. Good by.

Yours always,

SUSAN.

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## EDITORIAL.

In presenting *Truth's Pilgrimage* to our readers we have a feeling, which we believe will be quite general, of regret that the author has written under any restrictions. Such an article cannot be so well written—its idea can by no means be so perfectly developed, without *freedom*.

We must be true to all our engagements for this volume, but in another we think it would be far better to give our correspondents greater license. Let our Orthodox, our Methodist, our Universalist and Unitarian contributors, write *freely* upon the subjects they choose to discuss, and we shall have more vigor—far more real merit.

Now we are somewhat trammelled. Should we write against slavery, perhaps a thousand subscribers would "*please discontinue*." Should we speak earnestly against Intemperance, War, Capital Punishment, &c., we should displease many more. Should we complain of minor social evils, and earnestly call for the redress of local grievances, there would be raised against us the cry of radicalism. There are many and deep questions agitating the breasts of the thinking community, and should we also query it would seem that it might be tolerated. False views and partial opinions could have but a slight evil influence in a magazine "written by female operatives employed in the mills," and the wise and good might set us right.

H. F.